Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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The Philosophy of Endurance.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Were the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude, cold grasp of the rotten ground;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mould above its bursting cup;
Were it never soaked in the rain and hail,
Or chill'd by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree.
It would not spread to the summer air,
Its lengthening bows and branches fair,
To form a bower, where, in starry nights,
Young love might dream unknown delights,
Or stand in the woods among it's peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore,
Dragged from the depths where it slept of yore;
Were it never cast into the searching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame:
Were it never molten, mid burning brands,
Or brushed and beaten by stalwart hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth;
It would never emerge to a noble birth;
It would never be formed into mystic rings,
To fetter Love's erratic wings;
It would never shine amid priceless gems,
Nor become to the world a power and a pride,
Cherished, adored and deified.

So thou, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Were it never exposed to the blasts forlorn—
The storm of sorrow, the sleet of scorn,
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy cloth and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love hath its roots of woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan
Or reach half way to the perfect man;
Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze,
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

From Dodge's Literary Museum.

THE MATCH-MAKING WIDOW.

BY XANTHA.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Two weeks had gone by since the afternoon of Robert and Lena's mutual recognition at the Manor. Two weeks, which had been spent by Alice in a state of undefined uneasiness, a trembling dread, she knew not of what. Lena's visits had been daily, and Robert either accompanied her there or rode with her home; and as often as Alice, day after day, sought the lofty casement, from whence she could see their retreating figures, the mysterious words of Harvey Hale, when he first found Lena in her presence, rose to her mind in the shape of a stern prophesy, and she would turn away, sad-hearted, in spite of her struggles to be cheerful.

One afternoon, as she sat by her mother's side, bending over her work, Mrs. Freeland was astonished to see her tears falling fast and thick upon the paper, and anxiously inquired the cause of them.

"I was thinking," said Alice, "of Harvey Hale's mysterious manner toward Lena. He has taken pains to be here during the last fortnight, every time she has, and never failed to drop some words of mysterious and hidden meaning in regard to her, before he left. His manner has had an unpleasant effect upon me; I am convinced that he knows that of Lena or her family, which he doesn't choose to tell, or else he sees for me some coming trouble."

"You are nervous from having overtasked yourself," replied Mrs. Freeland. "Harvey is often sullen and disagreeable, and this is one of his strange moods."

"No, no! mother," said Alice earnestly. "When Harvey speaks in this prophetic manner, he means even more than his manner conveys. I cannot clearly understand him, but I feel assured that there is trouble in store for me, and that Harvey knows it. "Still," continued she, drying her eyes, "I must admit it is very foolish to thus waste time on presumpuive sorrows. If they are coming, I will await them firmly, and not suffer them twice by imaging them beforehand." And, with a returning smile, the young authoress resumed her pen.

She had scarcely done so when Robert and Lena rode up to the door and dismounted.

"We have come, Alice," said Robert, after the first greeting, "to ask you to accompany us to Harvey Hale's mountain hut. I have been telling Miss Forrest of his strange mode of life, and she has expressed a desire to visit his place. We will reach there by sunset, and as we have a full moon to-night, the ride home will be delightful."

"You speak truly with regard to the ride," replied Alice, "but you must excuse me for accompanying you. I have much to engage my attention, and cannot possibly leave my home."

Robert stood in silence for a moment, after this firm refusal, and a half-formed wish to remain also at home crossed his mind. He raised his eyes, and they fell upon the figures of the two young girls, as they stood side by side before him.

There was Alice, with her pure brow slightly elevated in conscious dignity, while her clear gaze fixed earnestly upon him, showed plainly as an open book, the mist of doubt and distrust which was slowly enshrouding his figure in her heart; while the rounded arm, entwining Lena's waist, showed that all was trust and love *there*, as of old. Robert's cheek flushed hotly for an instant, as his glance read this, then his eye fell upon Lena.

Her dark lashes were drooping softly over her eyes, and her cheek shaded by the heavy plume of her sable cap, while her exquisite figure was drawn up to its full height. She struck the floor impatiently with the light lash of her riding whip, and one little foot also beat a rapid tatoo on the carpet.

Robert's breast thrilled with a strange emotion as he looked upon her, and expressing to Alice some regret at being deprived of her company, offered Lena his arm to escort her to the saddle. Again mounted, they turned their horses' heads toward the mountain road, and were soon out of sight.

Harvey Hale's hut stood upon the very summit of the mountain. He had come there years before, a morose and solitary man, communing with none, and shunning as much as possible the busy haunts of men. No one could learn from whence he came, or what were his purposes or intentions. He answered no questions, and at last was left unmolested when he entered the village to furnish himself with provisions, and occasionally some few books. Children learned to dread the glance of his keen eye as they met him, and were eager to seek the opposite side of the way. The villagers whispered among themselves dark hints of past crime or present avarice, and the gossips spoke boldly of the mountain miser and his solitary pursuits. But Harvey passed heedlessly through the fire, and these vague rumors at length died a natural death, and he was regarded as "a strange old man who had built his hermitage upon the mountain peak."

Being obliged to pass the manor in his village pilgrimage, he had *par vue* become acquainted with its inmates; but he never addressed a word to them, until one day, a little girl, throwing the light of her blue eyes upon his haggard face, sprang forward and offered him a cup of cool water from the spring near which she stood. This was Alice; and her simple and impulsive act, so fraught with the natural goodness and innocence of her child-nature, drew tears from the stern eyes of the old man, and an earnestly ejaculated "*God bless you!*"

From that day Alice became his pet.—He brought her flowers from the mountain, and choice books from his isolated home. He at last was induced to enter the house, and Mrs. Freeland was astonished at the learning and intelligence, united with the most polished ease of manner and grace of action. There was evidently a mystery about him, which would probably never be explained by his own lips, and in fact, an explanation was never sought.

As Alice grew older, she often visited his hut, and found therein a library of select books, and several articles of furniture, which were in contrast with the exterior of his dwelling. He was evidently a man of refined taste and superior intellect, though subject to moods of despondency and bitter feeling, which had induced some to believe he was crazed. But Alice and her mother felt there was no foundation for this, and the former listened to the legendary lore with which he was wont to amuse her, and sought his counsel and guidance, till the two, the old man and the young girl, became almost necessary to each other's existence.

Fifty winters had mingled their frosts with Harvey's ebon locks, until they had become an iron gray—a color well suited for the stern, unbending brow beneath, and the piercing, cynical glance of the sharp, black eye. His strong frame seemed endowed with almost superhuman powers of endurance, and the forbidding cloud upon his brow, when met by any fellow-creature, told of some dark secret, some hidden cause of grief, studiously and jealously concealed from the world. To all beyond the inmates of the Manor, his bearing was gruff and stern; and his uncouth garments, made entirely of squirrel skins, rendered him an object of curiosity whom few dared to approach.

The road to his hut had been originally made for the purpose of drawing out timber, but was little used, save by the desolate old man, or some chance visitor at his house. It had become a rough and dangerous path, which few would care to traverse without the aid of sunlight, and the certainty of being either sure-footed themselves, or having steeds that were so.

Harvey was seated in the door-way, poring over a volume of old poems, as Lena and Robert reined their panting steeds before him. He closed his book at Robert's greeting, and half rose to meet him; but as his eye fell upon Lena, a dark frown gathered upon his features, and he resumed his seat without addressing a word to either.

"What is the matter, Harvey?" asked the young man in a tone of astonishment. "Miss Forrest and myself have dared the dangers of the mountain road for the sole purpose of enjoying your hospitality."

"You might have employed your time better," was the gruff reply, while an angry glance shot from the old man's eyes.

"But we are fatigued and athirst. At least give us rest and drink," returned Robert; more and more surprised at the old man's manners.

Harvey rose, and carrying a rude bench some distance from his cabin, set it down in silence; then returning, he took a cup of water and placed it upon it, motioning to Robert that there was what he required.

Robert assisted Lena to dismount, and they seated themselves to rest.

Harvey, meanwhile, had resumed his seat in the doorway, and sat with his arms folded over his breast, and his keen gaze fixed upon the countenance of Lena.

The young people were eagerly conversing upon the beauty of the scene spread out before them, and Robert earnestly exerted himself to dispel by his own kindness, all the unpleasant effects which Harvey's manner might have produced upon his companion.

Leaning upon his arm Lena watched the sun as he went down behind a bank of clouds in the distant west. All the gorgeousness of royalty seemed spread out before her in that "upper deep" on which she gazed, and all the passionate enthasiasm of her nature, (that enthusiasm so rarely awakened in *her* breast,) was called forth as she looked thereon.

Suddenly the wind whistled with a low, mournful sound round the mountain; and Harvey rose quickly up and went forth from his cabin. For a moment he viewed the sky with the experienced eye of one long accustomed to note its every change; then approaching Robert, he laid his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"Young man, a heavy storm is brewing. If it overtakes you on the broken mountain path, you well-know what dangers will betide you. If you start immediately for home you may possibly escape it. If you tarry and trouble befalls you, remember that you were warned in time."

So saying, Harvey walked away.

"Let's not go," said Lena. "See, there are very few clouds, and they surely threaten no storm. That old man seems to have an antipathy for me, and I really begin almost to fear him. He talks of danger only to get rid of our company, though I'm sure I never harmed him, and in fact, never saw him until that morning at the Manor."

As Robert hastened to untie the horses, Harvey approached him, and said, in a deep, husky voice, only audible to the young man's ear—

"Beware, Robert Grant, how you bring that girl into my presence. Remember that the 'sins of the fathers' are visited upon the children.' Sometimes, when the past is brought up too vividly, I become a desperate man."

With these words he passed quickly into his hut, and the shooting of a ponderous bolt told the young equestrians that no protection would be offered them.

The descent of the mountain was even more difficult than the ascent, and the road, shaded at all times by the thick trees which grew upon one side and the rocks which lay piled upon the other, was now rendered absolutely gloomy by the added shadow of the gathering clouds whose increasing blackness threatened every moment to discharge their dreaded contents. The moonlight they had anticipated was utterly obscured, and night fell came upon them there on that mountain path, with all the threatening fury of a fierce tempest, rapidly approaching.

Robert would have given not a little of his best blood, could he at that moment have placed his companion in a place of safety; but so to do was out of his power, and he could only protect her course as best he could.

The night had now fairly set in, and the darkess was now becoming impenetrable. The rain had commenced falling in torrents, and the road rendered wet and slippery by the pouring water, scarce gave a foothold to the terrified horses.—The fierce lightning and heavy thunder, followed by the shrieking blast, sent a thrill of terror even to the firm heart of Robert; but Lena sat on her horse in all her queenly majesty, her brow unbent, and no sign of fear in all her bearing, save the ashen hue of her cheek, as the lightning displayed it to her companion.

As it became now almost impossible to guide the horses by the reins, and the path was becoming every moment more difficult, Robert dismounted and took Lena's bridle in his own hand.

"This is the most dangerous portion of the road," said he. "On one side of us is a bare precipice, and one mis-step might prove fatal. My horse can easily find his way to the Manor alone, and I will send him on and guide yours myself, with your permission."

"I trust everything to you," replied Lena, in a voice of calm, brave courage, which went to her companion's heart; and Robert, dropping his rein over the pommel of the saddle, raised his whip and let it fall with a stinging stroke across the neck of his horse. With a loud neigh, the animal plunged forward, and in a moment was lost sight of in the blackness of the storm

A flash of lightning just then revealed to Robert the figure of his companion — The sable pulme clung wet and dripping to her marble cheek, and her riding-dress was drenched with the soaking rain. Robert felt a glow of compassion as he thought of her sufferings, and a thrill of something even warmer than admiration swept through his heart as he listened to her earnest inquiries in regard to his own condition, prompted, apparently, by an utter forgetfulness of self, which could not have failed to win admiration from the most stoical. Had he known that her own overpowering love of coquetry prompted her to endure all this so unmurmuringly in order to triumph over the affections of a man she scarcely thought to wed, how coldly would his heart have turned from her and sought its *native* home by the pure spirit of his cousin Alice. But Alice, in the danger of the present moment, with the murmur of that soft voice falling upon his ear, was utterly forgotten.

The way grew every moment more dreary. Swift streams of water gushed down the upper bank, and formed deep gullies through the road before them.—They could distinctly hear the crashing of huge branches as the wind tore through the dense forest, and they trembled at the thought of being crushed by some of the whirling limbs, or scathed by the now almost constant lightning. A slight turn in the road revealed to them a projecting rock a few paces ahead of them, where they might find some shelter from the fierceness of the tempest. A few steps more, and they would have reached it; when, with a loud crash, a tree was torn from its bedding in the bank above them, and fell directly across their path. With a start and neigh of terror, the horse sprang furiously aside, and Robert, who clung tightly to the rein, was borne over the precipice with the steed and his rider.

At that moment, a loud, demoniac laugh echoed forth above the howling of the storm, and the lightning displayed the figure of an old man, clad in a robe of skins, standing upon a tall, gray rock, tossing his arms in wild gestures above his head. The same figure had followed the equestrians far upon their way, and now, with one more peal of laughter, he leaped from the rock, and with rapid strides hastened to Morgan Manor.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Alice Freeland stood with her face closely pressed against a window in the old room which fronted the mountain.—Heedless of danger, she hailed every flash of lightning with joy, as it revealed to her a portion of the road by which she expected Robert and Lena to return.—She stood alone; her mother had sought her chamber early, and sunk into a deep sleep of exhaustion, and old Lucy sat trembling in the kitchen corner. At length, she turned from the window with a gesture of despair, exclaiming—

"Something must surely have happened. That road is so dangerous in a storm, and Robert is so little acquainted with it. And I parted with him almost in anger. Have I not wronged him of late in believing him false? Yet he never asked me to be his bride, and Lena, dear Lena, with her brightness, and beauty, and sweet manner"——

Her reflections were here interrupted by the clatter of horses' hoofs near the house, and catching a light, she hastily opened the door.

As she did so, a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and, at the same moment, a horse drew up panting before her.

"Lena, is it you?" she asked, anxiously.

There came no answer, and hurrying back she struck a light in a small lantern, and rushing forth, examined the animal closely.

"It is Robert's horse, and *riderless!*" she exclaimed, in an agony of terror.—"What can have happened?"

The same laugh that echoed over the rocks at the disappearance of the mountain travelers, now fell harshly upon Alice's listening ear, and the next moment a pair of strong arms caught her in their firm hold, and bore her into the house.—As she was again placed upon her feet, she turned tremblingly towards her companion, and a cry burst from her lips as she beheld the figure of Harvey Hale at her side.

"What do you know of them?" she exclaimed wildly, addressing him. "Did they reach your house? What have you done with them?" she almost shrieked, as Harvey stood silently before her.

He answered slowly, at last, adopting the metaphorical manner of speech which he so often used—

"Trouble is better nipped in the bud than left to be blighted in the blossom.—Sunshine will soften sorrow, and the enemy that sleepeth is more harmless than the one that worketh."

"Harvey, Harvey! what do you mean?" wept Alice. "Tell me, I pray, what has happened?"

"Trees and precipices are mute, or speak only a language we cannot understand," was the answer, accompanied by a low chuckle.

Alice stood looking at him for a moment, while an expression of agonizing terror crept over her face; then catching the lantern, she sprang forth, unsheltered into the wild peltings of the storm, and bounded swiftly along up the mountain road.

Tears gushed in torrents from her eyes, as she raised them supplicatingly to Heaven, and her lips moved in earnest prayer. There was no pause in her wild course, no thought of self in that young heart, which throbbed in agony at the danger attending those she loved. The loosened earth rolled from under even her light footsteps, and threatened each moment to cast her helpless to the ground. But she heeded nothing, saw no danger, felt no fear. As the light of the lantern fell full upon her face and white-robed figure, she seemed like some gentle thing, half earth, half-Heaven, dislodged from a flower-home by the fury of the tempest. She paused not, until she reached the fallen tree. Here was a perfect barrier to her path, as the bushy top obstructed the whole road, and even extended over the brink of the bank.

"What shall I do? What *can* I do?" wept Alice, in tones of despair and disappointment, as she was thus forced to pause.

"Do what you should have done long ago," said a gruff voice behind her, "go home."

Alice turned, and perceived that Harvey had followed her, leading by the bridle Robert's horse.

"Oh, Harvey!" cried Alice, flinging herself upon his breast, "if ever you cared for your poor valley-flower, aid her, I entreat you, now. My friends are perishing in this wild storm; help me, I implore you, to relieve them. Hark! there is a cry. Harvey, Harvey, help me to save them!"

And Alice would have bounded madly forward, had not Harvey caught her closer in his arms.

It was a strange sight there in that mountain wilderness, to see that strong man, in his strange dress, clasping to his breast the spirit-like figure of Alice Freeland; while the storm unabated, raged around them, the huge tree spreading itself in their path, and the single pale glare of the lantern fell upon them.

Harvey's wild mood had gradually passed away, under the influence of Alice's sorrow. Taking off his coat of fur, he wrapped it closely about her chilled figure, exclaiming as he did so—

"My poor child, what have I permitted you to do? To what suffering has my want of care sxposed you? Look up, Ally, and"—

Harvey ceased speaking with a cry of dismay, for Alice lay cold and senseless in his arms.

With a murmur of thanks for the *instinct* which had prompted him to bring Robert's horse, he sprang upon his back, with Alice still clasped in his strong arm. He dashed a few paces down the road, then suddenly reining the horse up a bridle-path, known only to himself, he struck off in a distant line for his own cabin, which was the nearest place of refuge. It was a rugged and fearful ascent, and rendered more than ever difficult of travel by the heavy rain. The flashes of lightning revealed every vein and sinew standing out like cords upon the noble beast, as with foaming mouth and distended nostrils, he struggled up the steep ascent, as if aware how much depended upon his exertion. Twice he faltered and staggered and seemed about to fall, but twice did Harvey lash his reeking flank till the blood spirted from the wound, and on, on he plunged, till once more he halted before the mountain cabin.

Here harvey sprang from his quivering back, and with one vigorous blow of his foot the door was burst from its fastenings, and he placed Alice in a large easy chair, the principal article of luxury in his hut. Kneeling before her, he clasped her small cold hands in his own, chafing them with his rough fingers, and bathing her ashy brow with cold water. There was no signs of life; exhaustion and excitement had done deep work, and almost beside himself with agony and dread, Harvey hastened to prepare some kind of herb tree over the few embers yet lingering on the cabin-hearth.

Pouring a few drops into her mouth, he had the gratification at length to see her eyes open.

"My poor flower," said he, tenderly bending over her, "my poor fragile flower! The storm has nearly crushed it.—Its fragrance is well nigh washed away, and its poor heart nearly perished."

Harvey started, as Alice, in a low voice, pronounced his name. The sweetly modulated tone sounded strangely enough at that lone hour, in the precincts of that rough dwelling, and it sent a thrill of joy into the listener's heart, though the only word uttered was "Harvey."

The man bent his head down in answer to it, till his own locks mingled with the bright ones of his charge.

"The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snow away."

Alice raised her soft, white hands, and laid one gently on either cheek of Harvey. Her voice was deep and earnest as she said—

"Harvey, it is going to storm. Lena and Robert have gone up the mountain; they will be lost, unless you aid them.—Give them shelter, I implore you for my sake."

There was a wild light in her eye, and a hot flush upon her cheek, and Harvey, as he noted these symptoms, uttered a low groan of anguish.

"I have killed her," he exclaimed, wildly. "I have killed her by my own thoughtlessness in permitting her to breast such a storm. Then, bending toward her he said, "Does my vallew flower know her wild father? Does my heart-child know old Harvey?"

"O, yes," was the low reply, "I shall always know Harvay. But my friends are perishing. It storms, Harvey—fly to their aid."

And again muttering incoherent sentences, she sank back and closed her eyes.

Harvey again held the cup of drink to her lips. She imbibed its contents freely, then sank softly to sleep, though with her lips still moving with their half-formed sentences.

Harvey watched her for a moment, then seizing his lantern, he opened the door quietly and strode forth. As he did so, he stumbled over some dark object in his path. Bending down, the light of his lamp fell upon the prostrate body of Robert's horse, which lay with the blood and foam still flowing from its nostrils, a victim to its own noble perseverance. It had fallen t the earth even as Harvey left its back.

With an ejaculation of pity the old man strode down the mountain path once more.

"I will help them," he muttered, "for her sake, and for her sake only! Never would these hands have been raised to aid a member of Frederick Forrest's family, had it not been for that pleading flower, who suffers for my rashness in allowing her to come forth on such a night as this. Still, I fancy they are beyond aid by this time. Ha, ha!"

—

There are some moments in a lifetime which seems to embrace an eternity. Robert experienced this, as, clinging to the rein of Lena's pony, he was borne over the precipice. All the principle events of his past life, every act which he deemed sinful, all his old love for Alice, and all his new love for Lena, rose glowingly up before him in the few seconds of conciousness which attended his first knowledge of their danger. Then came a long lapse of insensibility, from which the rain falling on his unturned face aroused him. He found himself stunned and bruised, but not seriously hurt, and half raising himself he called aloud to his companion.—No answer was returned. The darkness was almost impenetrable, and it was only by groping cautiously about that he discovered Lena was lying near him; but whether dead or living, he could not determine. It was impossible to discover the extent of the ledge on which they had fallen, and he dared not move, lest he should be preceipitated still further among the rocks. He was helpless and alone, with a delicate girl requiring immediate attention and care. He felt deeply the peculiar position in which he was placed, and, bending over the senseless form beside him, he exclaimed, bitterly—

"What dark fate impels me forward, and thus seems to link my destiny with this young girl's? The principal events in our acquaintance have been marked with danger, and threatened death; and sometimes when I look into her dark eyes, I am impressed with the idea that it will be thus to the end—*the end*, what will it be?"

Thus soliloquizing, Robert heard voices and the tramp of horse-hoofs on the road above him, and collecting all his strength, he sent it forth in one long cry of desolation. There came no answer, and the voices and footsteps passed out of hearing.

With an effort, he drew Lena to his breast, and strove to impart to her chilled frame some portions of the warmth which still lingered in his own.

Moments, which seemed like hours to to him, thus slowly passed away, when some noise on the road above caused Robert again to shout for help. Silence was his only answer, and clasped Lena close, to his aching heart, and he again murmured—

"In what must this all end?"

The glare of a lantern fell at that instant full upon him, and Harvey Hale answered, in his gruffest tones—

"Disappointment and death."

Robert shuddered but raised his eyes to their deliverer's face with a glance full of earnest gratitude

"Is the girl dead, then?" asked Harvey, as he approached and looked upon Lena's face.

"Pray Heaven she be not," returned Robert, glancing tenderly down on the upturned face.

Harvey fixed a penetrating glance upon the speaker's countenance, as if he would read his immost thoughts, then asked him if he was able to return home.

"I can, if you will assist me to carry this poor girl," was the answer, and Robert reached her toward him.

"Stand back!" almost yelled Harvey as he sprang madly a few paces away.—"Stand back, I say! Let her but once rest in *these* arms, and if she be not *dead*, she would receive a different embrace from that which *you* bestow upon her.—Such an one," he added, sneeringly, in a low, earnest voice, "as the bear gives his victim, or the boa-constrictor its grasping prey. But here," he continued, producing a bottle of cordial, as the remembrance of his promise to Alice crossed his mind, "give her of this, and she will revive.

Robert eagerly took the bottle from his hand, and poured a portion of its contents in her mouth.

At length, a deep-drawn sigh gave sign of returning conciousness: the dark eyes unclosed, and Lena raised her head from the breast which had so fondly pillowed it.

After a few minutes' delay, she was able to stand upon her feet, and, supported by Robert's arm, the trio proceeded to the Manor, where Mrs. Forrest's carriage, with Ralph in attendance, was awaiting some news from the lost equestrians.

Harvey found Mrs. Freeland in a state of great alarm respecting her daughter, but by assuring her she was safe, and cared for in his own cabin, her fears were again quieted, and Lucy was directed to return with the old man, to attend her young mistress and take to her some articles of her wardrobe.

Lena was provided with dry clothing, and Ralph, the groom, assisted her into the carriage, where Robert was invited to follow her, and both were borne to their respective homes.

Lucy returned with Harvey to the mountain top, where they found Alice still sleeping heavily from the effect of the potion which had been administered to her. But as the drawn began to steak the east, she, after a few moments of restlessness, opened her eyes, and looked wildly about her.

Old Lucy was at her side in an instant.

"Bress your heart, Miss Alice," cried the old woman, "do tell us if you's better? A worryn' night we've all had of it, I 'sure you."

"How came I here?" asked the young girl, presed her hands upon her temples, and not heeding the inquiry of her old nurse.

"I cannot remember clearly, but something terrible has happened, hasn't there?"

"No, Miss Alice, t'ank de Lord, all is safe enough now, though we did spec as how Massa Robert, and you, and dat Miss with the great black eyes, was a killed."

"Ah!" said Alice, with a shudder, "I remember all now. And all is well, Lucy? You are sure that *they* escaped all injury?"

"They escaped *death*," said Harvey, coming forward, "and so fear all is well. Your cousin Robert," said he, with an expression of peculiar meaning, "is probably more *injured* by this accident than—than the young lady."

A flush passed over Alice's face, and she drew a long, deep sigh, but answered not a word.

As Harvey now went forth to dispose of the dead horse which still lay before his door, Lucy proceeded to attire her young mistress in the fresh garments she had brought her and when her mountain friend again entered the hut, he was greeted in her old affectionate manner and with a bright smile.

"You are much better," said the old man, decidedly, looking at her earnestly and fondly.

"I am well again," returned Alice, gratefully, looking up in his face. "No one remains ill long when they can have *you* for a physician, my dear friend."

As the morning advanced Alice urged so earnestly to return home that Harvey at last consented to her doing so; and sometimes carrying her, sometimes supporting her with his arm, he proceeded with her toward the Manor, followed by old Lucy.

As they came to the scene of the night's disaster, they paused and looked over the precipice. Far, far on the rocks below them lay the torn and mangled body of Lena's horse.

"Pity," muttered Harvey, bitterly, "that her horse *only* should have met this fate."

"How can you," exclaimed Alice, who had caught the words, "speak thus of my poor friend? The injustice you do her proves how little you know her. She is like a sister to me, and I love her very dearly. For my sake, Harvey, treat her to be all that is good and true and noble."

"*You believe her to be all that is good and true and noble,*'" repeated the old man, dryly, turning a searching upon look his companion's face, "and what have you to say with regard to Robert Grant?"

"Nothing!" was the brief reply, while a deep glow suffused her cheeks.

Lucy had been, meanwhile, earnestly regarding the ledge on which Robert and Lena had been rcused, and now called Alices attention to it. It was a shelf or ledge jutting out from the bank and overhanging the deep ravine into which the poor horse had fallen. It was moss covered and leaf-strewn; a fact, no doubt, which tended not a little to save the lives of the unfortunate pair. Well had it been for Robert that he had not moved from the spot where he first fell, as the darkness concealed all danger, and one misstep would have precipitated him from his place of rescue to an inevitable and horrid death.

Alice burst into tears as she viewed the spot from which one less experienced in scaling the rocks, and one less acquainted with every path and passage in the mountain than Harvey could have never delivered them. Then, leaning heavily on her protectors arm, she slowly passed down the rough road toward her home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sinews of Iron.

We wandered into a machine shop yesterday. Everywhere, up stairs and down stairs, *intelligent* machines were doing the work, once done by thinking and toiling men. In one place a chuckle headed affair looking like an elephant's frontispiece, was quietly biting bars of cold iron in two, as if they had been so many oaten straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with a spindle shaped weapon—a sort of mechianical "Devil's Darning Needle"—was boring *square* holes through solid wooden wheels, three inches or more in thickness.

A way there, in a corner, a device about as large and noisy as a humming bird, was amusing itself cutting out pieces of steel from solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper patterns with a pin.

All by itself, in another place, was a machine that whistled like a boatswain, and rough boards came forth, planed and grooved, finished ready for a place in something, somewhere, for somebody.

Everywhere these queer machines were busy, doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; boring and planing, and grooving and morticing; and turning and bending, and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs, in a room by itself, as if it would be alone, we found the grand mover of all these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep it "just comfortable," and *perhaps*, not.

It was very busy—the thing was moving an arm of polished steel, backwards and forward over a frame, equally polished and glittering. as one in tho't sitting by a table passes his fingers to and fro, along the smooth surface of the mahogany.

We said it was busy, and so it *was*; busy doing nothing. It went nowhere, hammered nothing, planed nothing, ground nothing, but just passed its ponderous arm backward and forward. It neither ate nor spoke, but there, from "early morn to dewy eve," it *timed* the toil going on, everywhere around and above it.

There were indeed, a few made of flesh sixty or so, here and there, about the establishment, *furnishing* rather than doing the work.

That thing with the iron arm works the wonder. It will work more.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GRAND MISTAKE.—I heard an incident connected with the North Church, in your City, the facts of which are not generally known, and it may prove interesting to your readers. It appears that towards the close of the revolution, the good people of the North Church found it necessary to make repairs. They sent on to Boston and purchased some nails, which in due course of time arrived, and upon opening the kegs, lo and behold one of them was found to contain Spanish dollars. 'This was a go!' The deacons assembled—held a consultation—and the result was, they wrote on to Boston and informed the merchant who made the sale that there was an error in shipping the goods. The me-